2nd Edition Now Ready

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri"

"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I, for generally speaking, it takes a strong man and a cold chisel to separate Nate Soudder from a cent.
"No, indeed!. He's let the house to some city folks, and He first had the stery about Nate Scudder's new boarders from Emmie T. first mate to the cook at the Old Home House that summer. "She come down to the landing one morning afore breakfast and hove alongside of where I was setting in the stern of the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines. She had a tin pail in her fist indicating that her sailing orders was to go after milk. But she saw me and run down in ballast to swap yarns."

"My Sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she, "have you heard about Nate Soudder?"

At all Booksellers Price, \$1.50

They came from New York, had a tired look, talked about the Street, and the first few days thought they saw anakes—they callen it "tape"—writhing from every tree and rock. They had a book with them called "The Natural Life," and they went on about that book as if it were human almost.

First the Wall Street Twins, or the "Heavenlies," as the Yankee persons call them, decide to inhabit an old farm house, retaining Mr. Pratt as butter, skipper, superintendent, guide, philosopher and friend.

Later they hire an island known as Horsefoot Bar, but immediately rechristened Ozone Island, and here they settle down for a life of peace with a pig and a dozen chickens and a valet.

And then, at the end of it all, said one young "natural life" seeker, as he took an affectionate farewell of Sol Pratt—"Skipper, if anybody asks, you tell "em I've gone back to New York to live the most compound double duplex life to be found from Harlem to the Battery. That's what!"

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themselves in perilous adventure and romance thrives in scenes of danger and discomfort and arrives at happy conclusions, in spite of insecure and disturbed conditions. It is a company of familiar types that Capt. King marshals for inspection in his book, and he puts them through the old time manouvres with the spirit and pre-cision of long training.

Historical, Economic and Political. There have been many books of late

something more needed for poetry?

"Tonio, Son of the Sierras," by Gen

Charles King (G. W. Dillingham Company)

s a story of frontier life in the early days

before campaigns were conducted by daily telegraphic orders from distant superiors

picturesque color. The fearless and loyal

Indian who has served so long in fiction is still on duty, young officers from West

Point have opportunity for distinguishing

and Western life had lost so much

escribing the conduct of various forms of business, and some of these, written by active business men, have proved helpful When written by college professors they are open to a twofold suspicion: first, that they are theoretical, and second, that they are intended for text books. Prof. Emory R. Johnson's book "Ocean and Inland Transportation" (Appletons) is of uneven merit. The main portion, describing the management of the different branches of questions involved and what may be called the political side, is studied carefully and is satisfactory. The introductory chapters on the history and construction of shipping are too general to be of much value, and the final chapters, on inland navigation, are treated rather jejunely.
A study of "The Hayes-Tilden Disputed

Presidential Election of 1876" has been made by Mr. Paul Leland Haworth, and is published in a handsome volume by the Burrows Brothers Company. It has the merit of including within two covers a summary of the proceedings and of the evidence It seems rather optimistic on his part, however, to think that the history of that election can be written impartially while the generation that shared in it yet lives. He justifies accomplished fact by declaring that the commission's decision was "both

legally and ethically the proper one."

An unusually good and lucid book has been written by Prof. John A. Fairlie in "Local Government in Counties, Towns and Villages" (The Century Company). It is a description of existing institutions throughout the country, outside of the great cities, and of the manner in which the State is tending to control and to interfere with them. The historical part is admirably brief, telling clearly just what is needful. It is refreshing to meet with an author who has taken the pains to digest his material before offering it to the public.

The Transvaal war still continues in the books, and England is learning from others what she should have done. Another volume of "The War in South Africa." prepared by the Great General Staff, Berlin, has been translated by Col. Hubert Du Cane are, with a solemn outlook on life that is (E. P. Dutton and Company). It deals This was done. The schooner was fired natural in college youth, but with repression with the occupation of Bloemfontein, with the fighting on the Tugela, with the advance on Pretoria and minor operations. From the closing pages it may be inferred that this is the last volume. It is illustrated with many detailed maps and tables.

Regimental histories of the civil war are always welcome, for in them are often found the intimate and interesting details that the large histories can find no room for. The Thirteenth Pennsylvania Reserves, the "Bucktail" regiment, did gallant service throughout the war and saw more than its share of big battles. It had the queer distinction of never having been mustered into the United States service and of not being mustered out of the State service. One of its Colonels was killed at Antietam, another at Gettysburg. The story is told in "History of the Bucktails," by O. R. Howard-Thompson and William H. Rauch (William H. Rauch, Philadelphia).

Japan is bound that foreign nations shall know about its progress. The Department of Finance issues for the year 1906 "The Sixth Financial and Economic Annual of Japan" (Government Printing Office, Tokyo), giving full and clear information about the finances of the country, the agriculture, industry and commerce, the railways and other means of communication. This is accompanied by maps and statistical tables. For the copy sent to us we are indebted to Mr. R. Wakatsuki, Vice-Minister of Finance. A selection from the letters written to

Philadelphia newspapers by Mrs. Emily Edson Briggs in the years from 1886 to 1882 is reprinted as "The Olivia Letters" (The Neale Publishing Company). They deal chiefly with the society side of life in Washington. The author, whose pen name was Olivia, took great interest in the various women leaders. We extract a description from the year 1868: "Mark Twain, the delicate humorist, was present; quite a lion, as he deserves to be. Mark is a bachelor, faultless in taste, whose snowy vest is suggestive of endless quarrels with Washington washerwomen. His lavender gloves might have been stolen from some Turkish harem, so delicate were they in size. In form and feature he bears some resembiance to the immortal Nasby; but whilst Petroleum is brunette to the core, Twain is a golden, amber hued, melting blonde."

Philologists above all others know how little authority can prevail against custom in the matter of language, yet they bravely head the desperate fight to reform English spelling according to their views. The struggle that Prof. Child and Prof. March onducted with so little practical result in this country has been waged in England too, and the latest statement of the case is that made to the newly formed British is that made to the newly formed British Academy by a very great authority in English, the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat in "The Problem of Spelling Reform" (Oxford University Press American Branch, New York). The illogical and unhistorical character of established spelling is again demonstrated, the advantages of the proposed changes are shown, yet educated users of English keep on using the old forms and we are sure will keep on using them, despite the wrote less, but here she offers a volume which will be enjoyed by those who love the advice of professors and reformers. It is difficult to understand what audience was prefer hir. John Burroughs's processing the street will keep on using them, despite the advice of professors and reformers. It is difficult to understand what audience was prefer hir. John Burroughs's processing the street will keep on using them, despite the advice of professors and reformers.

he compiled "A Desk-book of Errors in English" (Funk and Wagnalis Company). Some of his errors are the old stand-bys of all writers on language, such as "shall and will," and "can and may"; some are malapropisms that only the most careless could blunder into, and distinctions such as those between contagious and contigu-ous, eruption and irruption, pour and pore hardly need to be explained seriously. (The Bobbe-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) show technical skill. We wish we could detect some glimmer of the divine fire, but we find nothing but respectable magazine The most interesting part of the book is the collection of current slang; still we are reminded of the class of books on eti-quette that forbid eating with a knife or using toothpicks at the table when we are told that words and phrases like yappy, bute, on the burn, even up, fresh, no kidding, "In Sun or Shade," by Louise Morgan Sill (Harpers). A fair command of rhythm, an quit, up the spout and their like are not admissible in dignified English proce. on to select rather ephemera topics, an inability to avoid certain catch A valuable contribution to eighteenth phrases—respectable versifying; but is not

century literature is made by the Rev. William Holden Hutton in "Burford Paper (Archibald Constable and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company), which contain twenty-four letters discovered by the author and written by Samuel Crisp, the friend of Fanny Burney and of Dr. Johnson. The rest of the volume made up of essays, chiefly relating to the Johnsonian period, pleasantly written in an antiquarian spirit, but not impressing the reader with a high regard for the author's judgment. He seems needlessly severe about Sydney Smith, for instance. Four review articles written by Sir Theo-

dore Martin a great many years ago make up "Monographs. Garrick, Macready; Rachel, Baron Stockmar" (E. P. Dutton and Company). The first two are written with great sympathy and must rank with the author's best work. The Rachel essay is more perfunctory. That on Baron Stockmar is rather out of place among the theatrical appreciations and smacks too much of the later laudatory days when the author became the literary mouthpiece of Queen Victoria. He states in his preface that the essays have been revised, but there are still some annoying slips to be found.

The beauties of the Thames have been

discovered by Mr. Henry Wellington Wack, who has followed the course of the river from source to mouth and tells the story of his trip in "In Thamesland" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He took a great many photographs, which are generally interesting. That can hardly be said of the account of the journey or of the fragments of descrip-tion and history with which it is broken. The pleasant trip made by the author ha been made before and has been described much more entertainingly.

More Greek classics for English readers in the charming J. M. Dent & Co. "Temple Classics" series. This time it is the author introduced to English female society during the winter, Plato, whose Euthyphro, Apology and Crito are edited by F. A. Stawell (G. P. Putnam's Sons). A brief introduction is followed by the essays, an English translation facing each page of the Greek

Reference to the labor laws of Numa Pompilius, who may or may not have existed, will hardly inspire confidence in the facts on which the Hon. Carroll D. Wright bases his opinions in "The Battles of Labor," which are the W. L. Bull lectures delivered in Philadelphia in 1906 (George W. Jacobs & Co.). Dr. Wright is an authority in modern labor troubles, and is much at home in the last two lectures, and particularly that expressing his views about the future.

Every yachtsman will need "Lloyd's Register of American Yachts," 1906, in its new and improved form (Lloyd's Register of Shipping, New York). The change of the page gives a more convenient and attractive shape to the volume and enables the editor to tabulate a great deal more information about each yacht. The lines given to each yield a complete description The number enrolled this year is 3,400. They are arranged alphabetically, which is more practical than the former division into sail and steam vessels. The list is followed by the yacht club and private signals in color, particulars about the yacht ibs of the United States, Canada and Bermuda, by other valuable lists, such as those of yacht builders and designers and of owners, and other information that yachtsmen want.

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton publish "The Mariner's Pocket Book," compiled by Capt. E. K. Roden, a compact little volume containing in struction in navigation, naval organization and routine, ordnance and gunnery shipbuilding, coal consumption and engine operation and kindred topics. Naval militia officers should find this a handy reference

Books Received.

"The Meaning of Good." G. Lowes Dickinson: (McClure, Palilips and Company.) "Manual of Health for Women." Peter J. Latz, "Manual of Health for Women." Peter J. Latz,
M. D. (J. S. Hyland and Company, Chicago.)
"The Trials of a Siump Speaker." Henry S.
Wilcox. (J. S. Oglivie Publishing Company.)
"The Pirst Folio Shakespeare. Tweifth Night."
Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.
(Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)
"A Noble Fool." Florence Everard. (Stitt Pubishing Company. New York.)
"The City That Was." Will Irwin. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)
"How Ferns Grow." Margaret Slosson. (Henry

Holt and Company.)
"The Builders." Willis George Emerson. (Forbes and Company, Chicago.) School and Its Life." Charles B. Gilbert. (Silver, Burdett and Company.)
"The Philippine Islands." John Foreman (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Workman." William Harbut "The German Workman." William Harbutt Dawson. (P. S. King and Son; Charles Scribner's "Panama Patchwork." James Stanley Gilbert (Robert Grier Cooke, New York.)

"SKIDOO" IS SYRIANO Very Bitter Taunt, Too-Essex Market Court Philology.

The origin of the word "skidoo" has at last been established. The discovery was made yesterday in the Essex Market police court. It is of Syrian origin, and if you don't want to get into trouble don't say "skidoo" to a Syrian, because he is apt to take it seriously. At least, Samuel Solo mon of 105 Washington street, who was the cause of the discovery, took it that way. Soloman is a shawl merchant. Loaded with a choice collection of prayer shawls and rugs he invaded the Ghetto yesterday He reached Stanton and Ridge streets late in the forenoon. Hejwas hungry, and the luscious bananas on the cart of Jacob

Smith made his mouth water. "How much?" said Soloman "Cent apiece," replied Smith. "Too much," said Soloman.

"Too much," said Soloman.

"Skidoo," replied Smith.
Soloman glared angrily.

"Twenty-three," repeated Smith.
Then things began to happen. Soloman made a rush for Smith, and Smith countered with a handful of overripe fruit. Just as things were waxing strenuous Policeman Wagner of the Union Market station house butted in and haled both to the Essex Market court. butted in a least the trouble?" asked Magistrate
"What is the trouble?" asked Magistrate

Wahle, "He insulded me, Chudge," replied Solo-

"Ho wo?" asked the Court.
"He said 'skidoo' to me."
"That's no insult."
"Yes, it is. That's Syrian, and it means something very disrespectful to my parents."
"Well, it's English, too," said the Court,
"and it means 'beat it.' Now get out."

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William L. Bauer, Dr. G. M. Eddy, Major
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E. Hughes, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hulse, Mother Ignatius, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kin-sella, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. A. Nix, Gen. and Mrs. Ventris, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Walker and Gen. James Grant Wilson. On the Philadelphia for Southampton

will be: Mrs. Larz Anderson, George Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Avery, R. M. Critchell, the Rev. and Mrs. A. A. G. Hogg, Dr. T. W. McGinniss, C. Romero, Consul-General of Mexico in New York; Mme. Schumann-Heink, the Rev. Dr. V. W. Shields, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thompson, Dr. Clarence Warfield and Mrs. E. M. Warfield. On the Kroonland for Antwerp will be:

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Among those who will be on board the

Among those who will be on board the Astoria for Glasgow will be: Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Gould, William Muir, Dr. and Mrs. Albert G. Weed and Mr. and Mrs. William O'Sullivan. The Minnetonka will have on board, bound for London:

bound for London:

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and Mrs. Hugo Ziegler. On board the Pennsylvania for Hamburg:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hickey, Dr. Benjamin Friedman, Dr. and Mrs. Martin Tepper, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Whetham, Dr. A. Witt and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Tingle. Will There Be a Dry Sunday in Heboken?

The chiefs of police of Jersey City, Hoboken and other municipalities in Hudson county have instructed their men to enforce the new excise law to the limit to-morrow and the county promises to be a desert with a possible oasis here and there. Jersey City had a dry Sunday about a decade ago, but Hoboken, so far as the memory of man runs, never had one. The City That Was

A Requiem of Old San Francisco. By WILL IRWIN. A recast of an article from the N.Y. Sun:
"the best thing of its kind that any, of the
newspapers had." A gem of descriptive
literature.

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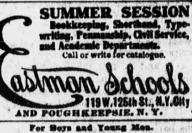
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BOSTOCK ARENA

A Spanish Tale of the Lost Daug Emilia Pardo Bazan's story of "The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin," translate om the Spanish by Annabel Hord Seeger (Funk & Wagnalis Company), is full of suring events. "Come, let us hasten police detect us we are lost." So Charles William Naundorff, the so-Prussian watchmaker, to the handsome and gallant young René de Giao, Marquis de Brezé. The two had just paten off assassins in the streets of London. It will be an ungenerous reader who doubts the watchmaker was really the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He bore of the unfortunate Lodis AVI. He bore the very features of the King. His daugh-ter, Amélie, was the image of her grand-mother, Marie Antoinette. To show that it was the habit of father and daughter to onverse in the manner of exalted personages we have marked a passage in the early

dorff, turning to Amélie: "What has been the nature of the friendship which you have entertained for the Marquis? I do not need to urge you to speak the truth." Says Amélie, without embarrassment and quite explicitly: "Indeed you do not, my father. René de Giac is my lover, pledged to be my husband. He is a scion of the first nobility of France. A little further on Amélie, distressed by a particularly melancholy passage in her father's conversation, falls into an armchair, sobbing. Upon this her father says: "Do not weep, rose of Heaven. Divine Providence permits at last that you shall be happy. My dream was to see you the wife of a French nobleman. He whom you love is noble in birth and noble in soul. Love one another.

part of the story. Says the watchmaker:

Monsieur le Marquis, have you had pre-

vious acquaintance with my daughter?*
Says René, with distinguished politeness

*I have had that honor, Monsieur Naun-dorff, at the house of Elois Adhemar, miller

on my patrimonial estate." Says Naun-

Charles Louis blesses you." We were interested in watching Baron Lecazes, superintendent of police, disposing of dangerous political documents. When a sufficient number of documents of the sort had been collected he pressed a hidden spring behind his chair, whereupon a panel swung open, revealing a narrow passage, closed at the further end by an iron shutter. Touching the shutter lightly with his knuckles it rolled upward and a man's voice whispered from the apartment then revealed "I am here, Excellency." This further apartment was furnished in mahogany. A lantern hung from the ceiling. "Now bring cup and salver," said the Baron; and the man who had whispered, and who was no other than Volpetti, the famous spy, took from the supboard a deep bronze cup with handles representing two sirens of protruding bosom. Unstopping a bottle, he emptied its contents into the cup and then, striking a flint, ignited a taper, which he applied to the liquid. He then placed the cup on the stove. A blue flame arose and in it the Baron lighted, one by one, the documents he had just been handling at his desk." Very likely the destroying agent was burning alcohol. The Baron performed

We have said that the story was furnished with many surprising events. We may mention a few of them. The Dauphin intrusted René with papers establishing his royal identity. As René was reading them in bed in his hotel in London Volpetti set the hotel on fire. René, leaping from went about doing the work of a fire-While he was doing it Volpetti made off with the papers. René and two members of the secret society of the Carbonari outwitted Volpetti, recovered the papers and conveyed the spy on board a corsair craft at Dover. It would have been all up with Volpetti; he would surely have had wizzen slit; but the merciful Dauphin took pity on him, out the cords that bound and permitted him to jump into the The captain of the corsair was furious. He gave orders to sink an English schoone which had come along and rescued Volpetti.

his labors quite picturesquely.

night, but Volpetti swam ashore. The Dauphin and his friends had desperate times in France. Amélie was concealed in René's grim castle of Picmort. There the wily enemy got at her and forced her to marry a handsome peasant. René arrived. He behaved in a distracted manner. It says: "René leaped in rage, 'And—you— married—her?' he shrieked. 'Yes.' 'When when? 'To-day, at 4 o'clock, in the Picmort Chapel. 'Devill' roared René. 'And you, Amélie, have you consented?" 'Yes, the wailed. 'This is superb!' and he laughed in fury. 'Explain yourself, that I may then kill you.'" But this, of course, he did not do. The peasant husband committed suicide when he learned that he had married a king's granddaughter. He ran up the stairway of the castle tower. René and Amilie saw his dark form at the topmost window. They would have saved him. They darted to clutch him, but he rolled out before their eyes. Deeply affected, they looked down and beheld at the base of the tower the lifeless body of the grief crazed Breton, with face upturned to the sky and classy eyes, gleaming amid the heavy blond hair. Silvano, the faithful mastiff,

at beside him, howling despairingly."

There is plenty more. The language of the narrative has a wakened our curious numbering; but those who admire Mr. Carerest here and there. The temperate labit of René, his responsiveness to merely moderate stimulation, is indicated at page 2. We there read: "He rose and breakfasted on tea and toast, after which, fortified and resolute, he examined his pistols and placed them within reach." At page 106 the Dauphin observes, addressing his sister and speaking of the imprisonment of the royal family at the time of the revo-"Would that I had died within those walls, permeated with the atmosphere of our immolated mother." At page 155 we find ourselves at the Red Fish Inn at Dover in the presence of a man "of some 30 years of age, of contracted lips, keen eyes and a nervous attitude. His general makeup was that of a man who vibrates to the suggestions of an ides." At page 161 it may be learned that "Amélie trembled and dropped tears from her beautiful eyes." This, too, was at the Red Fish, and it was at the same place, a little kter, that "the Marquis's eye was applied to the keyhole of Volpetti's chamber," As we are sailing from Dover, René having broken the heads of Volpetti and a companion rascal, and having dislocated Volpetti's arm, we find the captain of the corair oraft giving a curious order. It mays (page 181): "Drop anchor! called out the captain, and the Polipheme rode away from the English coast." It is at Page 230 that it may be found that Giacinto, Page 230 that it may be found that Giacinto, one of the Carbonari, having learned of the scape of Volpetti, "clutched his fine black hair and tore a handful from his head."

Quite an interesting figure in the story is the lost Dauphin's unworthy uncle, his Louis XVIII., nursing at the same time his esthetic emotions and the gout. We wish that the translator had not made the Dauphin say (page 94), "The Principle has suicided," and that all through the book she had not split the infinitive ruthlessly.

stories appear in American editions to compel attention by the charm of felicitous expression and superior craftsmanship. Her latest republication, "Superseded' (Henry Holt & Cos, written before "The

to his verse; but he has earned the right to ask the public to listen to it, and in "Bird and Bough" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) the offering is very small. The title describes the poems; they are pleasant and graceful, and Mr. Burroughs is as true to nature in these verses as he is in his Divine Fire" and brought out in England under a different title, is a character study at once subtle and significant, novel in prose pictures.
The "Poems" by Mr. Meredith Nichola

sentiment and original in conception. The "old maid" of fiction, "despised and rejected of men," scorned and ridiculed, is familiar figure. To dignify this character with the pathos of its own tragedy, to make to the leading personage of a story that compels interest and converts ridicule into respect and sympathy, is a feat that makes one wonder if in future years the quiet little English woman who chooses themes so slender and works them out with such delicate miniature touches may ot be recognized as a new Jane Austen of this transitory and complex period in the evolution of woman. Painted upon a very small "bit of ivory," with minute elaboration of detail, is the portrait of the little old arithmetic teacher in a girls' school, who "sinned the sin of sins, the sin of youth, in middle age," and died of a love unsought and unsatisfied. Ffat-chested, dull and drab, old beyond her years, incompetent, meek and uncomploiving, charmingly con-trasted with the beautiful and brilliant Classical Mistress," the pathetic little figure

holds the centre of the stage until the end of the pitiful tragedy. Having thus set the "old maid" in her rightful niche among the legitimate heroines of romance, it only remains for Miss Sinclair to canonize the long abused "stepmother of literature and to enshrine her among the

The Immerality of Divorce. The title of F. J. Stimson's new book; "In Cure of Her Soul," is difficult to account for, because the one woman conspicuous in the tale didn't have any soul, and the other woman's soul didn't need curing. There was a third woman, but she was only a typewriter who wanted to be a leader of fashion, and she shot herself. However, the story is a good summer book, for there is so much of that it would take all summer to read it. Also, there are so many kinds of things in it that appeal to people who want to be diverted rather than entertained in hot weather. There is a feeble and clumsy imitation of "The House of Mirth" doings and misdoings in society for people who can't get in to read about. There are the extravagances of the rich for the poor and the problems of the poor for the rich to consider. There are dishonent business schemes frustrated by clever righteousness, political intrigues that will interest those who'don't meddle with such things, musical references, for the most part operatic, for musical souls unable to enjoy that luxury; iterary allusions for ambitious seekers after sulture unable to take their Dante in the original, and the majesty of the law (a great deal toe much of it) with doings in

gations for themselves of such dangerous machinery.

That this ambitious Comedie Humaine of to-day lacks coherence and literary excellence, not to mention common sense, will probably not detract from its interes for the class of readers who enjoy books of its kind and quality. Certainly the author is a spendthrift in material, and if his generous supply of human experience could be put together and edited it would be found to hold a brief for the immorality of divorce. "In Cure of Her Soul" is pub-

Wall Street to impress those who have prudently refrained from making investi-

ished by the Appletons.

Of the third series of "Verses from the Harvard Advocate" (The Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass.) even more than of the first selection James Russell Lowell would have said "they would do credit to older hands." Eminently respectable the verses upon and sunk. No use. It was a stormy of all ingenuousness or boyish outbreaks. The humorous side is not conspicuous, and the humor-was it not more spontaneous when Gurney was dean, or are the years beginning to tell on the head of the commencement day procession? Several of the names that appear in the volume now appear frequently in the magazines in Mr. William Vaughn Moody we have, perhaps, a real poet. It is an interesting collection, and the chief fault we have to find with it is that care for workmanship seems to crowd out inspiration. One young man, indignant at criticism of Harvard reading by the Evening Post, bursts

into lines where sense takes the place of poesy, winding up with the apostrophe: Or hush!--That literature which we need the most,

Perchance are editorials in the Post.
But really both for common sense and fun—
If you don't mind—why, we prefer THE SUN.
And, in our humble way we would imply That you, kind sir, were off your base-good by. The dignity of being collected into a single volume has befallen Mr. Bliss Car-man. A "definitive" edition of "Pipes of Pan" is issued by L. C. Page and Company, Boston. By using thin paper the five volumes are combined in one of over 650 pages that is nevertheless light and shapely. It is a physical rather than a chemical amalgamation, for the parts are kept distinct, each with its own table of contents and

man's poetry will have it here all in a lump and in handy shape.

The distinctive quality of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's verse has always been melody; though the sense has suffered sometimes, the tunefulness was there. In "The Building of the Organ" (Moffat, Yard and Company) he tries his most ambitious flight, a symphonic poem. He explains in a "foreword" what a symphony is and the purpose of the poem. It is a plea for peace and for the abolition of war. As Mr. Dole truly says: "If the Common People, if the Women of any country, will make a firm stand against War, there will be no War." The poem is helped out with Italian musical terms, like a musical symphony. It contains verse in many forms and we have no doubt includes the best work Mr. Dole has done in that line. His second symphony, "Onward," is much shorter and undertakes to review the whole history of mankind. The section on the cave dwellers reminds

us of Calverley; but we are sure the author does not intend it to be humorous. The little volume of "Songs of Russia" that Miss Alice Stone Blackwell has turned into English verse (The Author, Dor-chester, Mass.) is well worth reading as literature apart from its throwing light on the ideas of a people now in revolution.
The author has been obliged to use prose
translations from the Russian and Yiddish,

translations from the Russian and Yiddish, but her own metrical work is excellent. Among the authors she presents are Maxim Gorky, Nekrasov, Polivanov, Nadson, Galin, Morris Bosenfeld and David Edelstadt.

The poems contained in Florence Wilkinson's "The Far Country" (McClure, Phillips and Company) are of a high order of merit. The author has poetic imagination, a gift of melody and the sense of proportion. It might be better, perhaps, if she wrote less, but here she offers a volume which will be enjoyed by those who love poetry.